UNCLE CHARLIES NO. 4 ALL NEW AND ORIGINAL STORIES

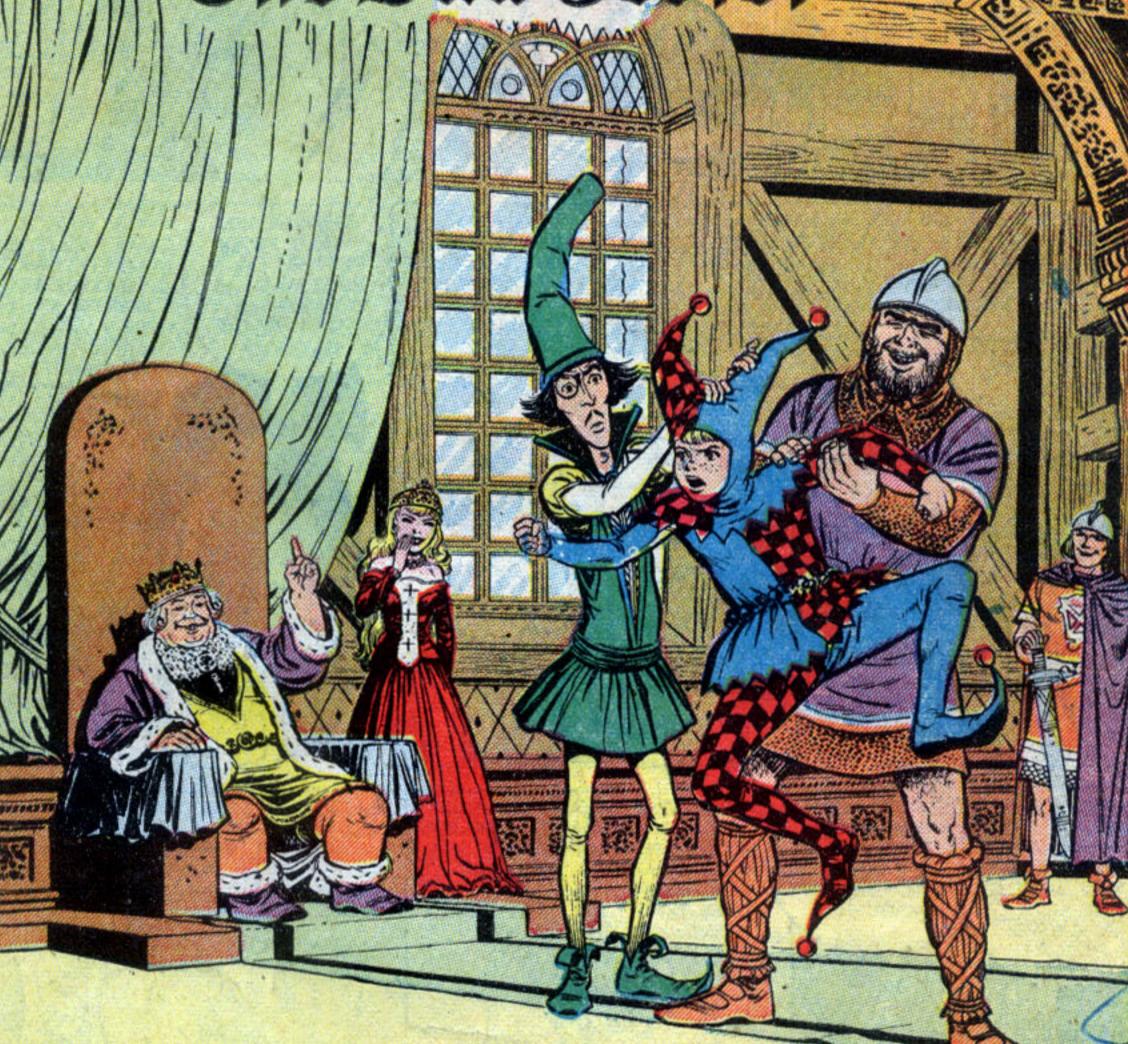






UNCLE CHARLIE'S FABLES is published bi-monthly by LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., at 114 E. 32nd Street, New York, 16, N. Y. Abraham Schwartzman, Business Manager. Editorial, business and advertising offices at 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y. Entry as second class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879 pending. Single copies 10¢; yearly subscription in the United States \$.60. Copyright 1952 by LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Printed in U. S. A. July, 1952. Vol. 1, No. 4. The publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Manuscripts accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. SALE OR DISTRIBUTION OF COVERLESS COPIES OF THIS MAGAZINE IS UNAUTHORIZED AND ILLEGAL.

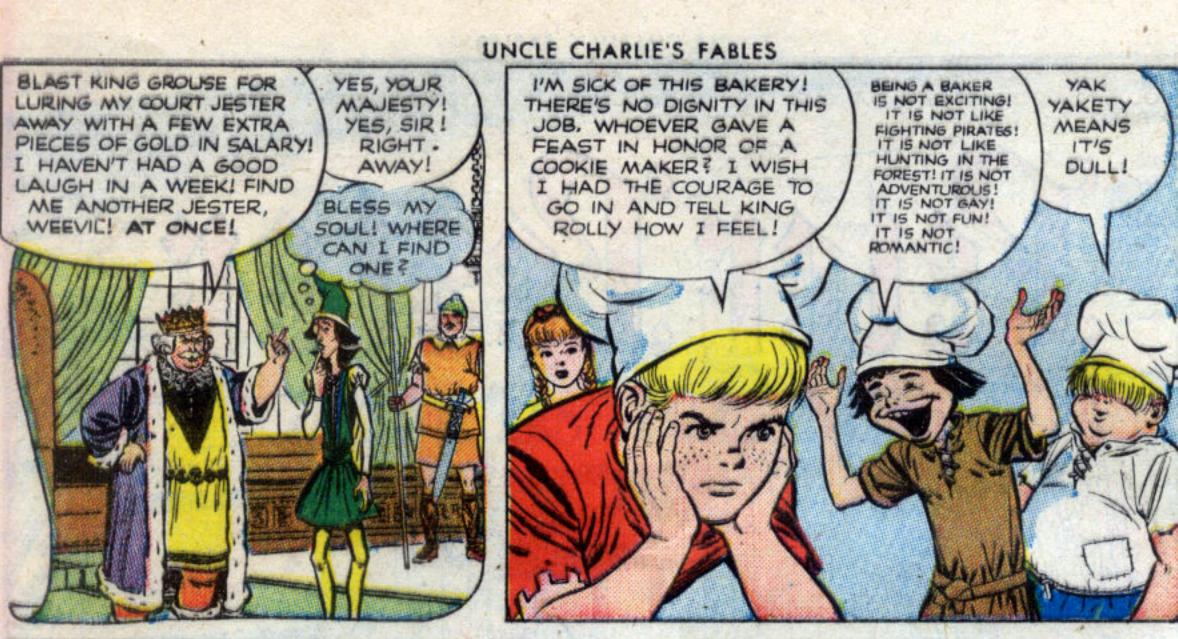
Cetter Sad Jester

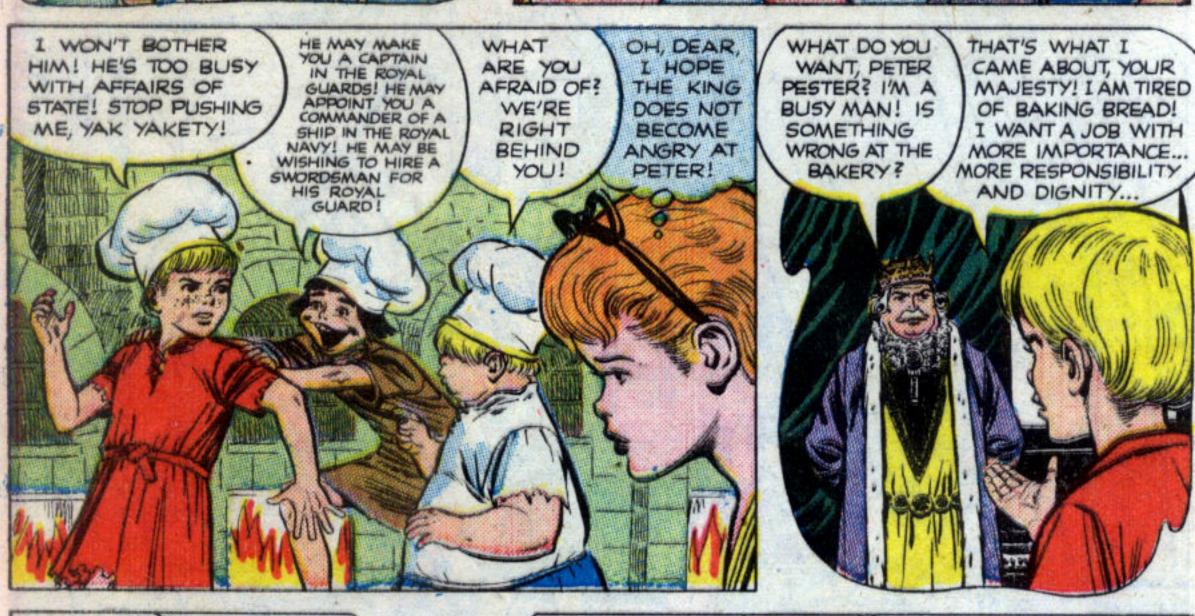


If you were Ginger Peachy, Pokey Slow, or Yak Yakety in the castle on the hill amid rolling vineyards and fields of softly swaying wheat, and you would this day be free to play the whole day through, wouldn't your throat want to burst forth

with a long scream of joy? But, not if you were Peter Fester. To Peter, the royal baker, it is just another day for wishing—wishing for excitement and glory. I will tell you about Peter's desire, and how he found it for an exciting, but brief time...

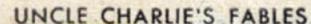
(UNCLE) CHARLIE BIRO

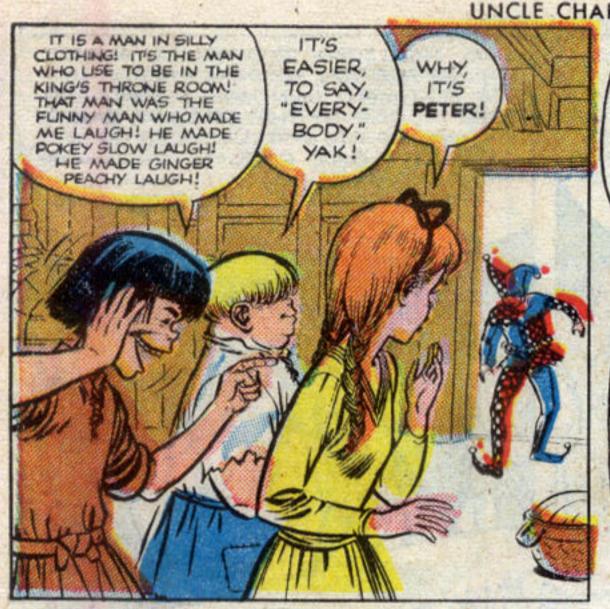










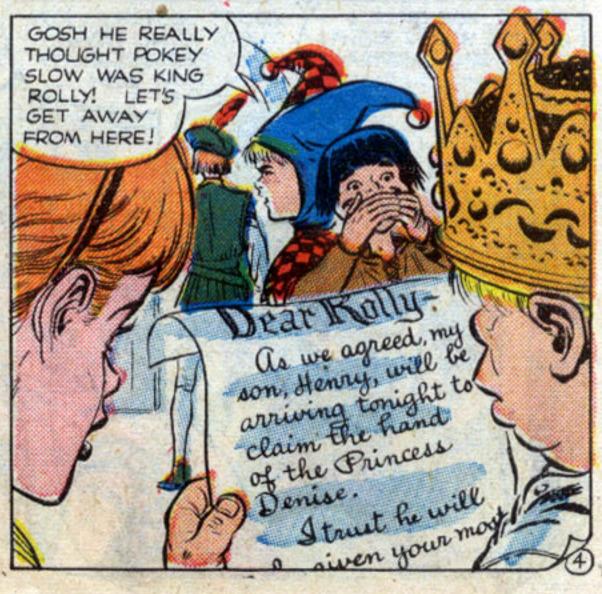






















KING ROLLY WISHES
YOU TO BE FUNNY!
HE SAYS THAT YOU
HAVE NOT MADE HIM
LAUGH SINCE HE
APPOINTED YOU

I COULD IF I HAD THE PRIVILEGES THAT YOU ALLOWED YOUR FORMER JESTER! HE WENT TO PARIS FOR NEW MATERIAL, MET PEOPLE, AND LEARNED MANY STORIES!





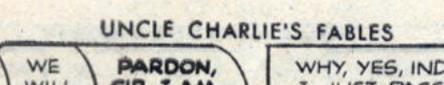
I'D BETTER
BE GOING!
PRINCE HENRY
MUST BE ENTERING THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
KINGDOM BY
NOW!

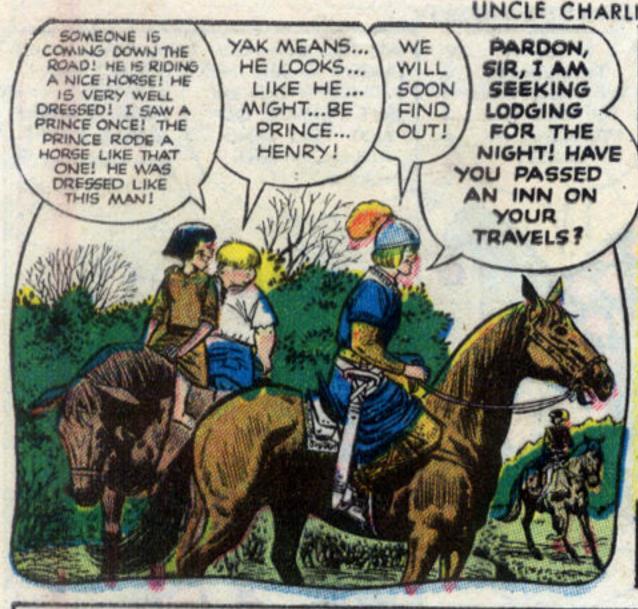
EVERYTHING
WILL WORK
OUT FINE IF
YOU CAN
KEEP YAK
YAKETY
FROM
OVERDOING
IT!

HUGO, POKEY AND ME
ARE GOING TO MEET
PRINCE HENRY! NO ONE
WILL KNOW WHAT WE
ARE DOING! I AM
NOT SURE WHAT WE
ARE DOING MYSELF,
BUT IT WILL
BE FUN!

HE MEANS...
EVERYTHING WILL...
BE ALL RIGHT,
GINGER!

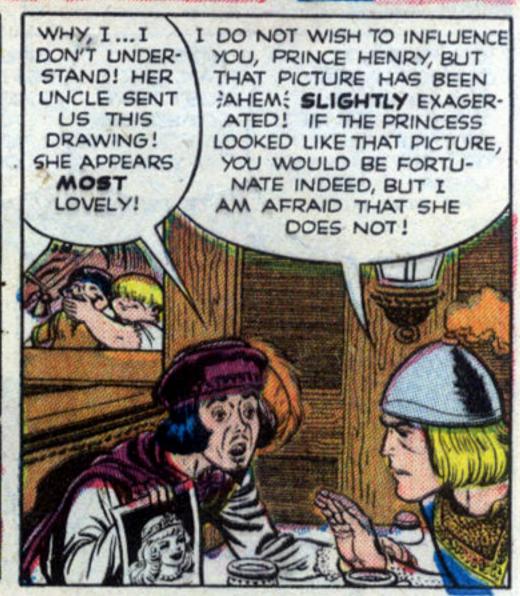












I SHALL BE

ETERNALLY

IN YOUR DEBT,





THERE SHE IS

NOW! YOU CAN IN-

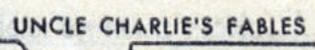
TRODUCE YOURSELF,

AND IF YOU DO



GUESS

WHO THIS





BUT...I...ER...BUT
PRINGESS! WE HAVE
HARDLY MET!

HOLD ME TO YOUR MANLY
CHEST, MY BELOVED! COME
SIT WITH ME ON YONDER
BENCH AND WHISPER
SWEET NOTHINGS IN MY
EAR! IF YOU ARE SWEET
AND KIND, I MAY LET
YOU KISS ME!

DEAREST, ARE YOU
LEAVING ME? WE HAVE
ONLY JUST MET, MY
LOVED ONE! I CANNOT
BEAR TO LOSE YOU-DO
NOT GO! I BEG OF
YOU! DO YOU NOT
LOVE ME, HENRY?

I...ER...I'M

NOT SURE WE ARE MEANT

FOR EACH OTHER,

PRINCESS! PERHAPS WE

SHOULD THINK THIS OVER...

WE DO NOT WANT TO RUSH.

INTO ANYTHING! PERHAPS

WE SHALL : UGH:



Meanwhile, inside the palace ... WELCOME, HIS MY DISGUISE EMINENCE, MY BOY! MY HAS FOOLED COURT WILL BE PRINCE THEM ALL HENRY, OF JOYED TO HEAR SO FAR! MARITANA! OF YOUR ARRIVAL.

THANK YOU, KING
ROLLY! SO YOUR BROTHER OUTSMARTED YOU
AND STOLE YOUR
JESTER! I'VE HEARD
A LOT ABOUT YOUR
NEW ONE, THOUGHHE'S SUPPOSED TO
BE EVEN BETTER!
WHAT DO YOU
PAY HIM?

I'D BETTER MAKE THE

I PAY HIM 250 GOLD
PIECES A WEEK, AND HE'S
WORTH EVERY BIT OF IT!
CONFIDENTIALLY, I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF SOME EXCUSE TO FIRE MY OTHER
JESTER, ANYWAY!



HMM, YOUR CASTLE LOOKS A
LITTLE RUNDOWN! I'M AFRAID YOU
AREN'T STRICT ENOUGH WITH
YOUR STAFF! I'LL CHANGE ALL THAT,
OF COURSE! ANOTHER THING, ROLLY,
I DON'T FEEL THAT YOUR PEOPLE
HAVE SHOWN ME THE PROPER
RESPECT! TRUE, THEY DO NOT
KNOW ME YET, BUT THEY SHOULD
RECOGNIZE MY REGAL BEARING
AND GIVE ME THE HONOR
IT DESERVES!

WHY, UH, I AM SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PRINCE HENRY! I SHALL CER-TAINLY SEE THAT YOU ARE TREATED AS YOU DESERVE FROM NOW ON!









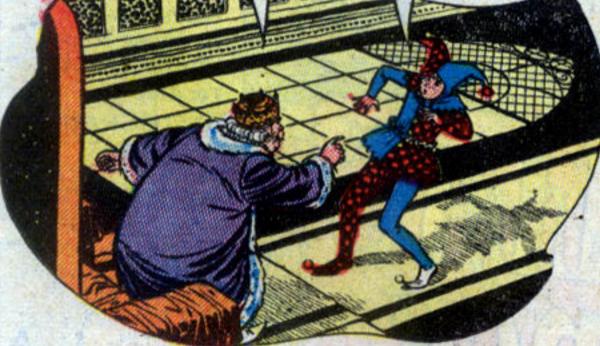
THAT PROVES IT! YOU WEREN'T THERE AT ALL! WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S BECOM-ING VERY CLEAR! I THOUGHT THAT VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR-THAT WAS YOU, POSING AS PRINCE HENRY! WHAT HAPPENED TO PRINCE HENRY?

UH...I TOLD HIM THAT WE WERE HAVING A SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC AND EVERYONE FLIES! HE TURNED AROUND AND RAN FOR



I WILL HAVE YOU THROWN IN IRONS! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE? THE KING OF MARITANIA WILL THINK I DID THIS ON PURPOSE! YOU ... YOU ...

WAIT, UNCLE ROLLY! I ASKED PETER TO DO IT! YOU WOULDN'T REALLY WANT ME TO MARRY A MAN I'D NEVER MET-YOU'RE TOO GOOD AND KIND TO DO A CRUEL THING LIKE THAT!



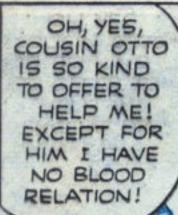
AH, PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, DENISE! HOWEVER, I STILL REFUSE TO LET YOU THROW YOURSELF AWAY ON A MERE KNIGHT! YOU MUST MARRY SOMEONE OF ROYAL BLOOD!

WELL GET BACK TO THE BAKERY PESTER! YOU ARE FIRED AS MY JESTER!

> I'M LEAVING, YOUR MAJESTY!



UNCLE CHARLIE'S FABLES



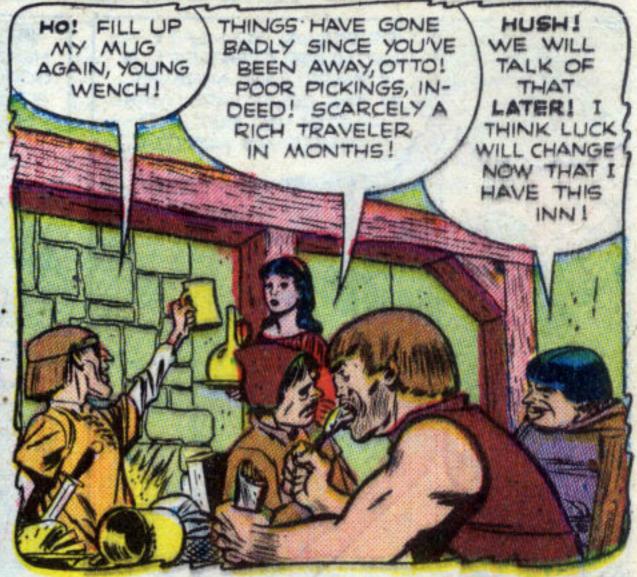
THEN HE
SHALL BE
YOUR
GUARDIAN!
I WILL
SIGN THE
PAPERS
AT
ONCE!





NOW! SET THOSE BAGS
IN THE CORNER AND
BUILD A FIRE IN THE
STOVE! I WISH YOU TO
PREPARE MY SUPPER AT
ONCE! AFTER YOU FINISH
YOU CAN WASH MY
SHIRTS AND SCRUB
THE FLOORS!







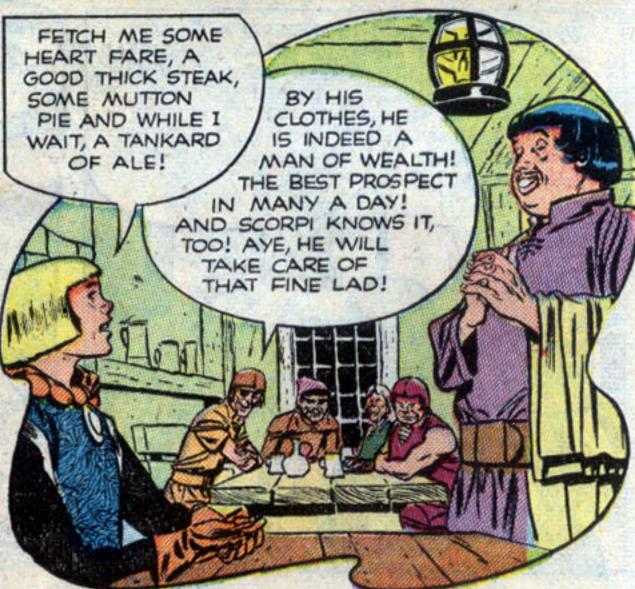
Meanwhile, at the palace of











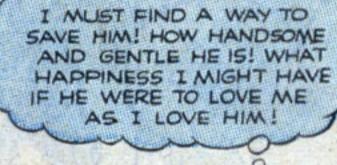


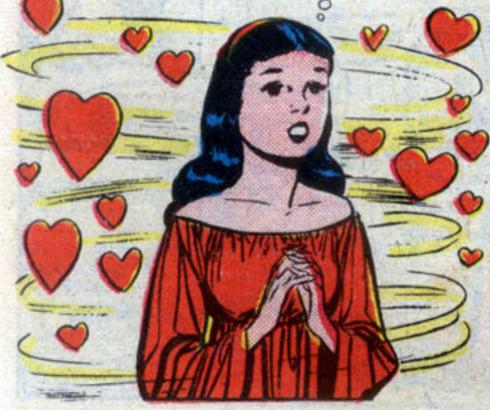


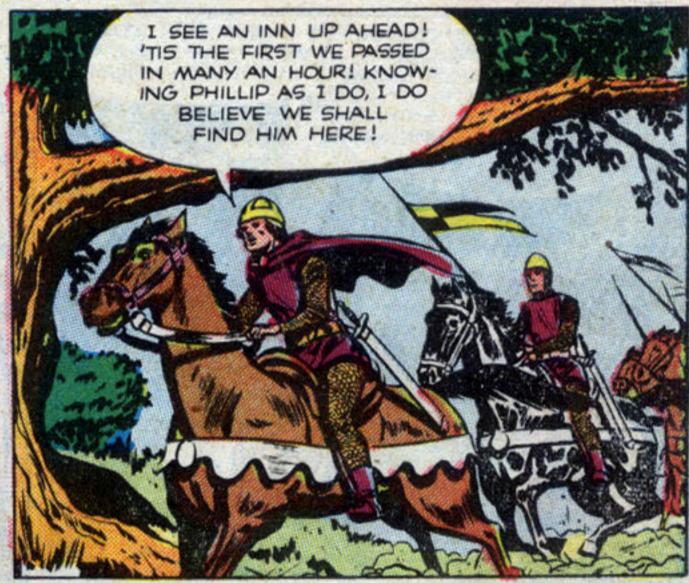










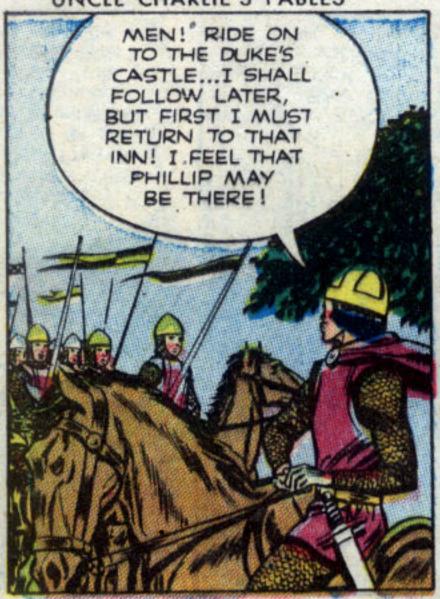






UNCLE CHARLIE'S FABLES

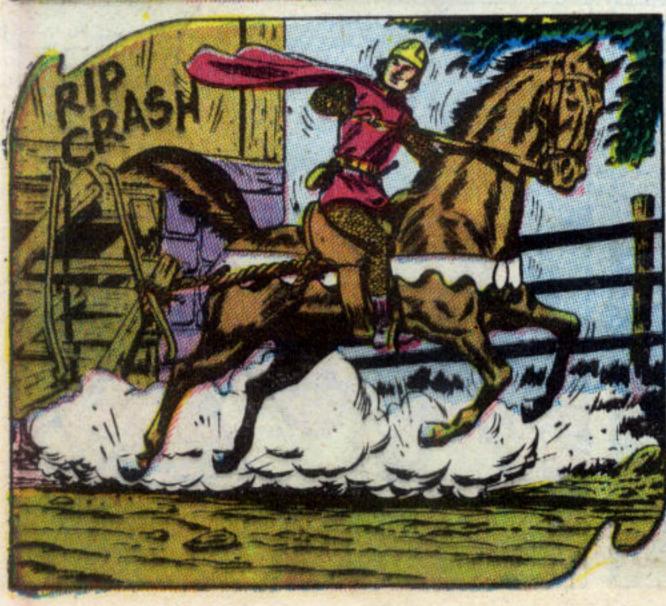


























WHAT? HOW DARE

YOU! SHE IS WORTH



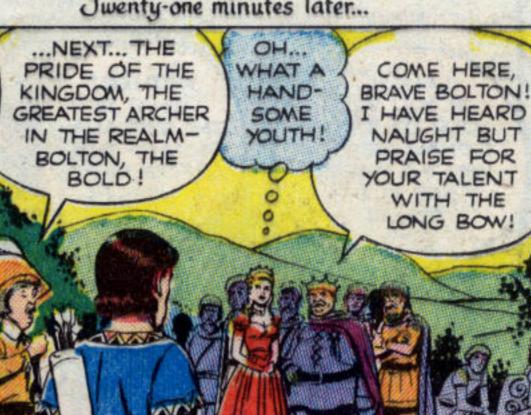


And so they were married and lived happily ever after...





Twenty-one minutes later ...



BEFORE WE PROCEED, WOULD YOU CARE TO IN-DULGE IN A LITTLE WAGER? IF YOU CAN SHOOT THE HAT OFF YOUR GLIARD WITH AN ARROW AT TEN PACES, I WILL DOUBLE MY GRANT FOR YOUR KNIGHTHOOD!

WERE I TO REFUSE, I WOULD APPEAR TO DOUBT MY OWN SKILL! YOU HAVE MADE A WAGER, YOUR MAJESTY!



I PRAY YOUR PERFORMANCE EQUALS YOUR REPUTATION!

FATHER! YOU YOU ARE RIGHT, MY ARE GOING TOO CHILD! I FAR! YOU ARE OVER-MAKING LIGHT OF ANOTHER LOOKED MAN'S LIFE FOR THAT POINT! BOLTON! THE SAKE OF A FOOL-WAIT!



NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT I UNNECES-SARILY RISKED THE LIFE OF ANOTHER! NOW, BOLTON, SHOOT!

PRITHEE, DEAR KNIGHT, LET YOUR AIM BE TRUE! MY FATHER, THOUGH FOOLHARDY, IS A KIND MAN AND A GOOD RULER!





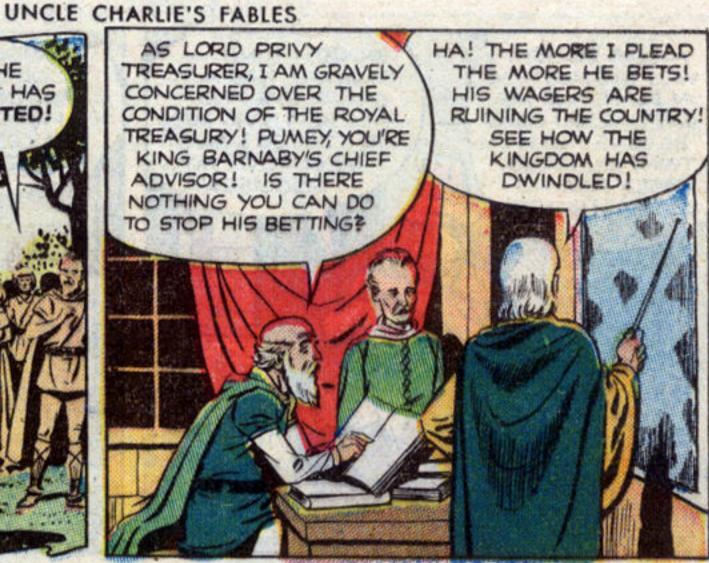
DID YOU NOT CON-SIDER THAT YOU WOULD HAVE LOST EITHER WAY? AS IT IS, YOU HAD TO DOUBLE BOLTON'S AWARD AND BESTOW A DUKEDOM ON HIM!

WAS. ONLY MONEY! WHY SHOULD YOU FUSS. OVER SUCH A TRIFLE?

BUT IT









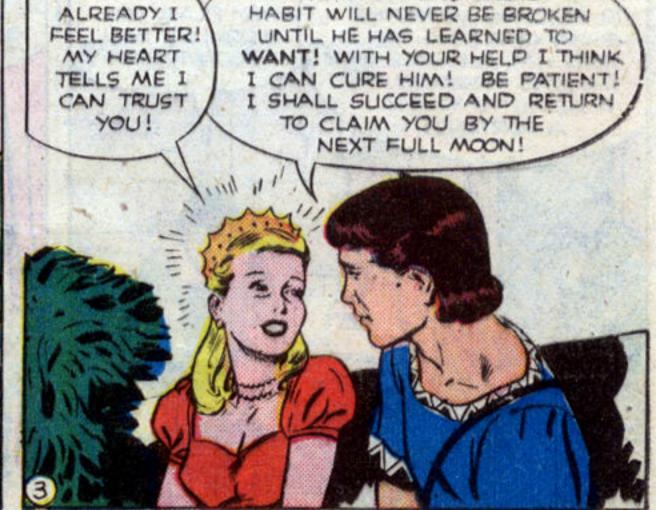


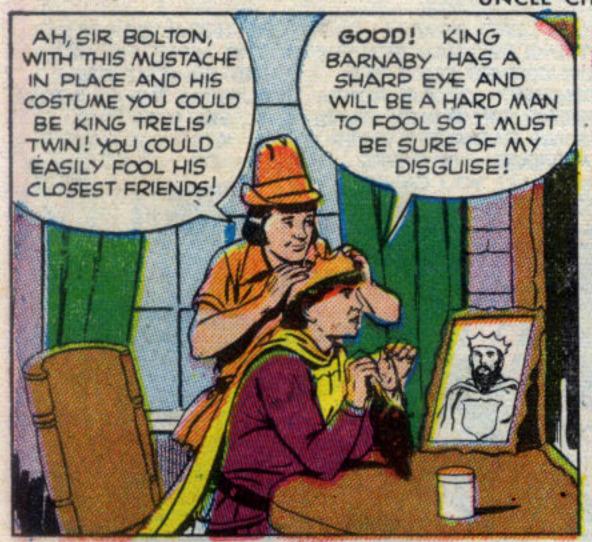
AHH ...



YOUR FATHER'S FATAL











I AM SIR BOLTON,
BELOVED! IF YOU
DID NOT RECOGNIZE ME THEN ALL
IS WELL! NOW
LISTEN TO MY
PLAN...BUZZ..BUZ
BUZ...BUZZ...

OH! HOW CLEVER! I WILL SPEAK TO FATHER AT ONCE!



FATHER, A RUMOR

IS SPREADING

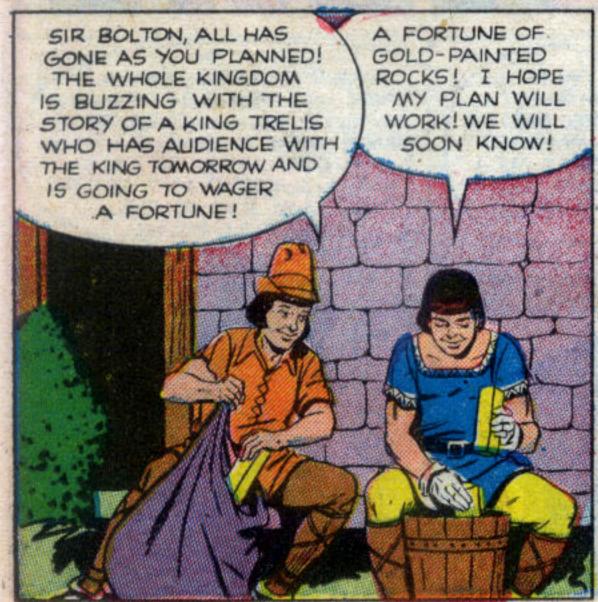
THROUGH THE KINGDOM THAT KING

TRELIS, FROM THE
LANDS TO THE WEST

HAS COME LADEN
WITH WEALTH AND
WISHES TO SEE YOU
AND MAKE A WAGER!

AND HE
HAS GREAT
WEALTH TO
WAGER? HM,
WHAT
SHALL I
SET AS A
WAGER?



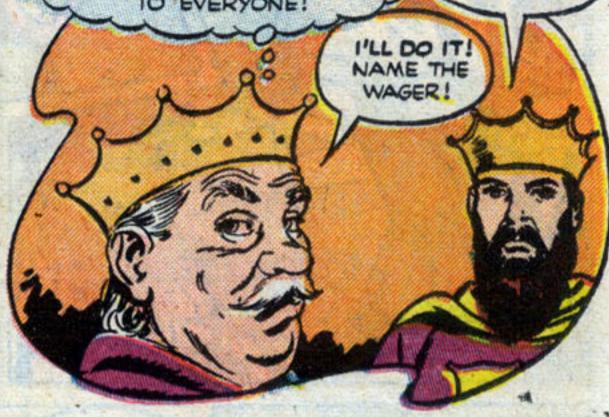






MY KINGDOM! AYE, BUT WHAT
OF MY SUBJECTS? I'VE NO
RIGHT, TO GAMBLE THEM AWAY...
STILL, MY KINGDOM IS ON THE
BRINK OF RUIN...WERE I TO WIN,
IT WOULD BRING PROSPERITY
TO EVERYONE!

THE BEST MAN IN YOUR KING-DOM AGAINST ME!





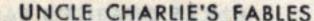


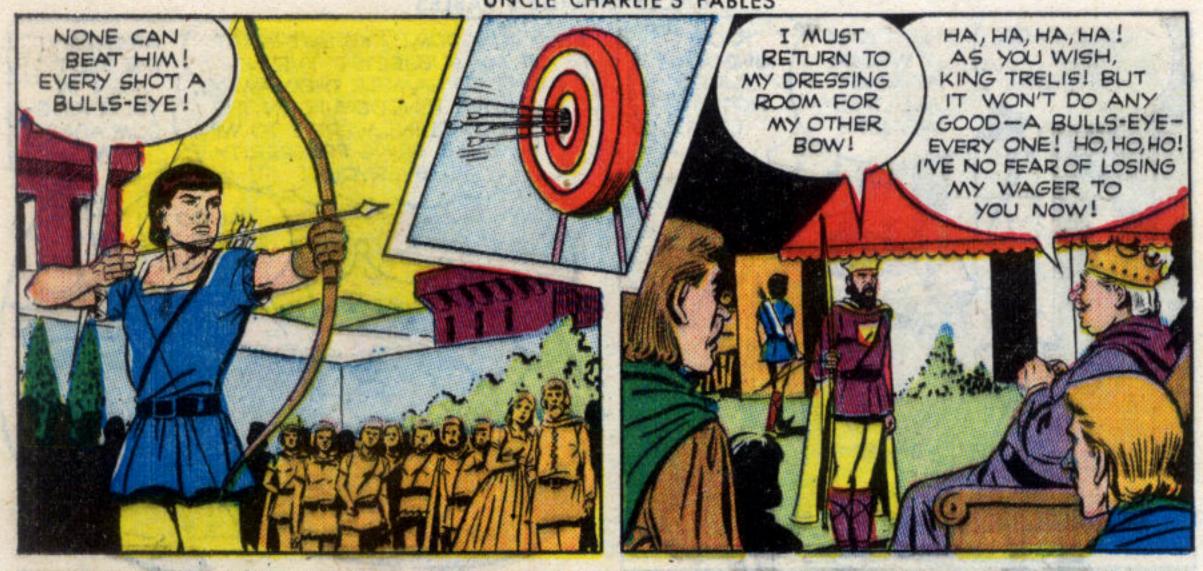




And so, the hour of the contest arrives! Everyone who can crowd the grounds is there to witness the match...





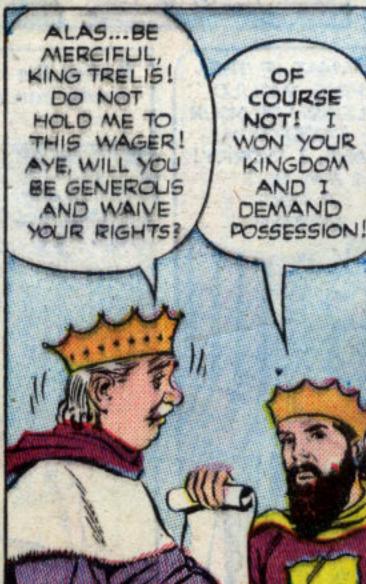








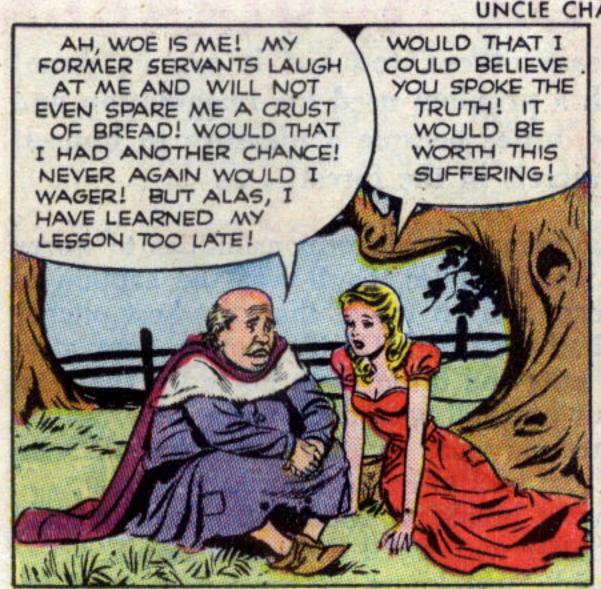




I AM KING
OF FORTUNIA
IT IS MY ROYAL
COMMAND THAT
YOU BE FOREVER BANISHED
FROM THE
PALACE! GO!

HOW MANY
TIMES I
TRIED TO
WARN YOU
BUT YOU
WOULD NOT
HEED ME!
COME, LET
US GO!



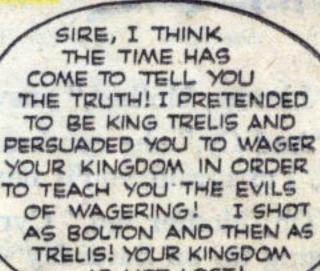




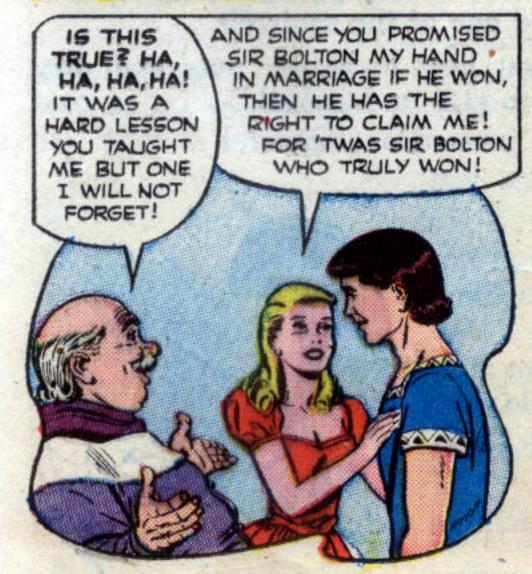


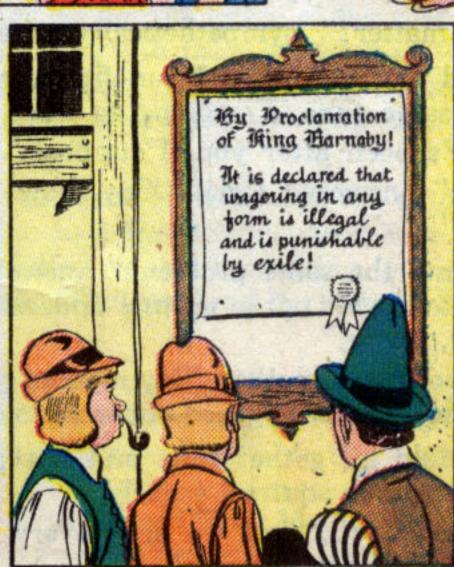


BOLTON! NEVER DID









And to this very day in the kingdom of Fortunia not a single person has been known to make the most simple wager, for King Barnaby's edict is still written into the law of the realm!

The Ens

A BIG DAY FOR SQUIRRELS

It is not easy to please yourself and please others, too but it can be done! Here's how a bright little squirrel with a problem used his imagination and produced such a good solution that his duties became a pleasure to himself and a wonderful surprise to all the squirrels in the forest! . . .



Cyril had too many outside responsibilities to worry about winter food supplies. Cyril was the captain of the baseball team and on top of that, the best pitcher the squirrels had ever had. Cyril's mother kept after him to gather nuts and bring them home for the winter's supply but baseball was much more important to Cyril. The squirrels were to play the chipmunks on Saturday and that was to be an important game.

One morning at breakfast, Mother Squirrel decided

to settle the matter with Cyril once and for all.

"Cy," she said, "you know we must have food for the winter. If we all don't gather it now we may run out of food and have nothing to eat."

"I know, Mother," answered Cyril as he stuffed his mouth full of cereal.

"And Cy," she continued sternly, "if you can't play baseball and gather nuts too, I'm afraid you'll have to stop playing baseball!"

"Oh, Mother, no," Cyril choked on the cereal. "The most important game is

coming up on Saturday - with the chipmunks."

Cyril left the table dejectedly. He knew his mother was right, but he also knew it was important that he pitch for the team on Saturday. As he walked toward the baseball field, his bushy tail drooped, his eyes lost their sparkle and even his alert little ears seemed to be at half-mast. Instead of leaping from branch to branch all the way, he walked slowly along the ground. Lost in his thoughts he approached the field before he knew it and was interrupted by a yell, "Hi, Cy!"

Cyril looked up, startled. Here were the boys waiting for him. "Hi," he muttered and sat down dejectedly with his friends.

"What's the matter?" sympathetically asked one of the squirrels.

"Well," sighed Cyril, "unless I can figure out how to gather nuts and play baseball at the same time, I'm going to have to give up baseball."

"Your mother's been after you, I suppose," guessed one squirrel.

"You're right," answered Cyril. "Say, how do you fellahs manage?"

"We all run into the same problem," answered another squirrel, waving his tail in mutual understanding. "I've been lucky, so far."

"I haven't," continued another. "My mother got after me last night. And I haven't figured out what to do yet."

"Maybe we could all gather nuts and not practice one day," suggested one squirrel eagerly.

"Yessss," mused Cyril, "but we need every minute of practice, until Saturday anyway."

The circle of squirrels looked dejected. Then another



one piped up, "Maybe we can get up real early for a couple of days."

"Yesss," agreed Cyril again. "But we can't cut our sleep short before this game, that's breaking training. Wait! I have an idea!" Ears perked up, eyes shone, as Cyril pieced together his idea. "First we have to talk to the chipmunks, then we have to get some paint and paper."

The problem solved, the squirrels warmed up for Saturday's game. Cyril had never been in better pitching form. Even Stan, the black sheep of the team, knocked a home run. After practice they all went off

in their separate directions. Cyril went to see the captain of the chipmunk team and several others went after paper and paint to distribute among the squirrels.

The next morning at breakfast, Cyril was confronted by his father. "Cy," said Father Squirrel gruffly, as he poured out another cup of coffee, "your mother tells me you haven't been gathering nuts but have been playing baseball instead."

"Yes, Father," answered Cyril meekly. "But, Father, just give me till Saturday and I promise I'll bring home more nuts than I could gather in a week."

"How can you gather nuts on Saturday? That's the day of the game," said Father Squirrel, looking very doubtful.

"Please, Father," pleaded Cyril, "just give me till Saturday."

Before Cyril went out to baseball practice he climbed into his room in the tree and brought out several large posters. In good spirits today he went his usual way, flying from branch to branch until he scurried down onto the practice field All the other squirrels had brought their posters and they decided to run through the forest and hang them at strategic places. On rocks, on trees, on bushes, even at the entrances to the homes of the badgers, skunks and gophers, they hung the posters which read; ALL RODENT GAME, SATURDAY, SQUIRRELS VS. CHIP-MUNKS, 2 P. M. ADMISSION, ONE NUT. RESERVED SEATS, TWO NUTS.

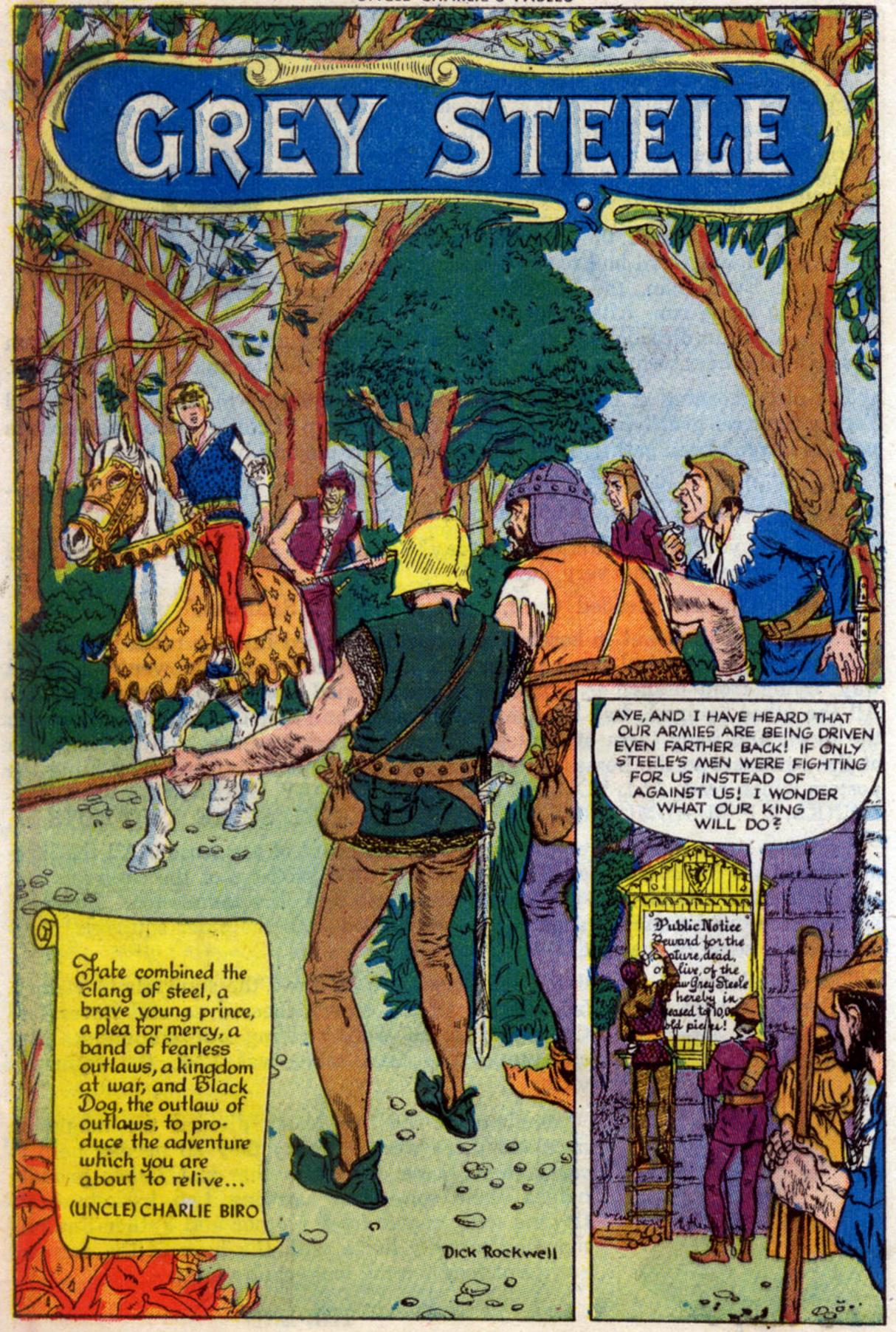
Saturday came, the day of the big game, the event of the season. All the little animals of the forest attended. The sisters and little brothers of the squirrels and the chipmunks attended to the seating and collected the admission. Reserved seats in the overhanging branches were well filled with the older squirrels, chipmunks and some of the birds.

The stimulation of the large, enthusiastic crowd drove the squirrels to victory. Cyril was the hero of the day. Never had the crowd cheered so and never had

> Cyril pitched so well, striking out chipmunk after chipmunk. The final score was 12-3, the squirrel's

victory. Members of the two teams divided the admission nuts and there were so many they all needed help to carry them home. Cyril's mother and father proudly helped their son, each carrying two baskets overflowing with winter food. Mother and Father Squirrel marched proudly home with the hero of the day and sufficient food for the long, cold winter. THE END





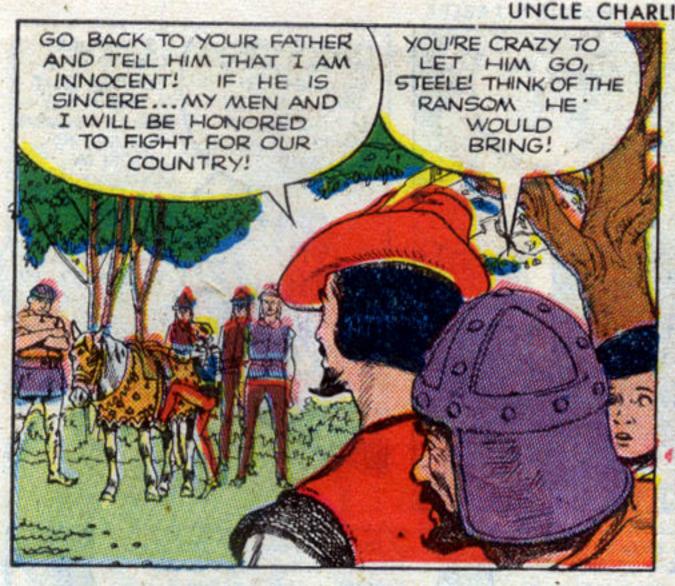






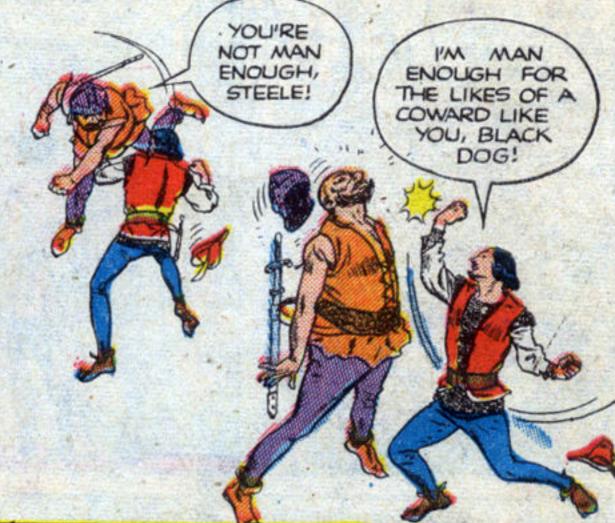


UNCLE CHARLIE'S FABLES









THAT'S NOT HALF OF WHAT YOU DESERVE, BUT MY LAW AGAINST KILL-ING APPLIES TO EVEN YOU! GET OUT, AND NEVER RETURN ...

I'LL GO BUT DON'T THINK YOU'VE BEATEN ME! ANYONE ELSE WHO HATES THIS LILY-LIVER CAN COME

